

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Continued from our last issue.

THE TWENTIETH LECTURE.

"Brother," CAUDLE has been to a MARSHES CHARITABLE DINNER—MRS. CAUDLE HAS HIDDEN THE "BROTHER'S" CHECK-BOOK.

"All I say is this: I only wish I'd been born a man. What do you say? You wish I had? Mr. Caudle, I'll not be quiet in my own bed to be insulted. Oh, yes, you did mean to insult me. I know what you mean. You mean, if I had been born a man, you'd never have married me. That's a pretty sentiment, I think; and after the wife I've been to you! And now I suppose you'll be going to public dinners every day! It's no use your telling me you've only been to one before; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. Of course you'll be out every night now. I knew what it would come to when you were made a man: when you were once made a brother, as you call yourself, I know where the husband and father would be.—I'm sure, Caudle, and though I'm your own wife, I grieve to say it—I'm sure you have not much heart, that you have any to spare for people out of doors. Indeed, I should like to see the man who has! No, no, Caudle; I'm by no means a selfish woman—quite the contrary: I love my fellow-creatures as a wife and mother of a family, who has only to look to her own husband and children, ought to love 'em."

"A brother indeed! What would you say, if I was to go and be made a sister? Why, I know very well—the house would n't hold you."

"Where's your watch? How should I know where your watch is? You ought to know. But to be sure, people who go to public dinners never know where anything is when they come home. You've lost it, no doubt; and it'll serve you quite right if you have. It should be gone—and nothing more likely than I wonder if any of your 'brothers' will give you another? Catch 'em doing it."

"You must find your watch! And you'll get up for it? Nonsense—don't be foolish—lie still. Your watch is in the mantle-piece. Ha! Isn't it a good thing for you, you've somebody to take care of it?"

"What do you say? I'm a dear creature? Very dear, indeed, you think me, I dare say. But the fact is, you don't know what you're talking about to-night. I'm a fool to open my lips to you—but I can't help it."

"Where's your check-book? Never mind your check-book. I took care of that. What business had I to take it out of your pocket? Every business, no, no. If you choose to go to public dinners, why, none at all. Some men would do anything. What? You're a bit of a headache? I hope you have—and a good bit, too. You've been to the right place for it. No—I won't hold my tongue. It's all very well for you men to go to taverns—and talk—and toast—and hurra—and wonder you're not all ashamed of yourselves to drink the Queen's health with all the honors, I believe, you call it—yes, pretty honors, you pay to the sex—I say, I wonder you're not ashamed to drink that big-eyed creature's health, when you've only to think how you've got your own veins at home. But the hypocrites and their men are—"

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Where's your watch? Caudle, you're bringing me to an early grave!

We hope that Caudle was penitent for his conduct; indeed, there is, we think, evidence that he was so: for to this lecture he has appended no comment. The man had not the face to do it.

TWENTY-FIRST LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS NOT ACTED "LIKE A HUSBAND" AT THE WEDDING-DINNER.

"Ah me! It's no use wishing—none at all; but I do wish that yesterday fourteen years could come back again. Little did I think, Mr. Caudle, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little, I say, did I think that I should keep my wedding-dinner in the manner I have done to-day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons, and your white watered-satin waistcoat, and a moss rosebud in your button-hole, which you said was 'brother,' as you call yourself. I know where the husband and father would be.—I'm sure, Caudle, and though I'm your own wife, I grieve to say it—I'm sure you have not much heart, that you have any to spare for people out of doors. Indeed, I should like to see the man who has! No, no, Caudle; I'm by no means a selfish woman—quite the contrary: I love my fellow-creatures as a wife and mother of a family, who has only to look to her own husband and children, ought to love 'em."

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suppose she thinks she sings? What do you say? She sings like a mermaid! Yes, very—very like a mermaid: for she never sings but she exposes herself. She might, I think, have chosen another song. 'I love somebody,' indeed; as if I didn't know who was meant by that 'somebody,' and all the room knew it, of course; and that was what it was done for—nothing else.

"However, Mr. Caudle, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter to-night, but try to go to sleep."

"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes Caudle, "she kept her word."

(Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures will be continued daily, in the Evening Telegraph, until completed.)

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TRIPS RESUMED.—THE STEAMER JOHN A. WARNER will continue her regular trips between Philadelphia and Bristol on the DELAWARE, the 30th of February, leaving Philadelphia, CHESTNUT STREET WHARF, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and returning, leaving Bristol at 7 o'clock, A. M.

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LOST, between Walnut Street Wharf and the American Hotel, in Chestnut Street, on Monday evening, March 11, between 8 and 9 o'clock, a large black enameled Leather

LADY'S TRAVELLING BOX,

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OF STOCK OF THE DELAWARE DIVISION OF THE ANSAL COMPANY, No. 129, in name of JAY L. OOK & Co. for twenty-eight shares, dated June 7, 1866, having been lost or destroyed, application has been made for a duplicate for its recovery.

STOLEN, ON THE 6TH INST., CERTIFICATE

No. 226 of Delaware Division Canal Company, dated October 23, 1866, for fifty shares stock in name of Anne L. Albee, also Certificate No. 30 of Maryland Canal Company, dated August 31, 1866, for 20 shares stock in name of Edwin A. Albee.

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BROAD Street and WASHINGTON Avenue, DAILY (Saturday excepted) at 11 P. M., Arriving in Norfolk at 1 P. M. the following day. FIVE HOURS SOONER THAN BY ANY OTHER LINE, and making close connections for all points SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST!

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S. P. WITBANK, GENERAL AGENT, PHILADELPHIA, GERMANTOWN AND NORRISTOWN RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE. On and after Thursday, November 1, 1866, until further notice, FOR GERMANTOWN.

Leave Philadelphia at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 A. M., 1, 2, P. M. Leave Germantown at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 A. M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 P. M.

Leave Philadelphia at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 A. M.,